

*Princ.* Come hither, *Francis*.

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis*?

*Francis.* Forsooth fise yeeres, and as much as to

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Fise yeeres: berlady a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou bee so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, *Francis*?

*Francis.* Let mee see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall bee.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a pennyworth, wast not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had bene two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on Thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*:

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis.* What sir;

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call? If Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

*Vin.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearest thou looke to the Ghests within. My Lord, old sir Ioh a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone a while, and then open the

*Poynes.* A non, anon sir.

Ent

*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Thecu doore, shall wee bee merry?

*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke cunning match haue you made with this iest of come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to of this present Twelue a clocke at midnight. What *Francis*?

*Francis.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prince.* That euer this fellow should haue fewe a Parrat, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of am not yet of *Perceys* minde, the *Hotspur* of the kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quic work, O my sweet *Harry* sayes shee! how many to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I *Falstaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brave* Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, saies the drunkard call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

*Poynes.* Welcome *Jacke*, where hast thou been?

*Fals.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a very many and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke, Boy. E life long, ile sow nether stocks, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of there no vertue extant?

*Prince.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of full hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3